

ALBION'S Elegie :

OR, A

*1754. D. 1. 1. 1.*  
24

P O E M

Upon the High and Mighty Prince

J A M E S

Duke of ALBANY and YORK,  
His Departure from

SCOTLAND.

Presented to His Royal HIGHNESS,

*R* BY *M. L.* Michael Livingston

255-

*ALBANUM toto refectum littore ripa ;  
Et tristes Elegos, te decedente, viximus.*



Edinburgh, Printed by the Order of Andrew Anderson, Printer  
to His most Sacred MAJESTY. 1680.

ALBION'S LEGIS

OR A

P O E

Upon the High and Mighty Prince

JAMES

Duke of ALBANY and YORK  
His Deputie



SCOTTLAND

Printed to the Royal Highness

by M. L.

ALBANY'S DEPUTY  
In the County of Albany



Printed by the Duke of Albany and York  
at the Duke's Office

(3)  
TO  
His Royal Highness,  
**J A M E S**  
Duke of **ALBANY** and **YORK**.

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**ALBIONS Elegie :**

**W**Hat to Depart, the **DUKE** ? such News yebring,  
As use t'assume the preying Eagle's wing :  
It's like the uncouth Accent ye mistook,  
Or Read the Thing in a Demurring look;

Else pensive Thoughts possess my sleepy Head  
With th'Object, which awake to lose, I dread :  
But sure, no Dream my Fancy thus deludes,  
Upon my Watch such Jealousie intrudes,  
These Flames dispers'd offend my tender Eyes,  
My Ears do itch with such nois'd *Homilies* ;  
So that incens'd *Eolian* Thunder-clap,  
Had sure prognosticate this Dismal Rap :  
So *Siren*-pleasures Fatal events Form,  
And *Halcyon* Calmness hatch a future Storm.

But whither this gay Navie Lee-ward Glides ?  
Like Stately *Genets* Prauncing on the Tides,  
Doth kind Enamour'd *Paris* hither Sail  
To steal our Sparkling *Helen*, and prevail ?

(43)  
These Beautie's darts may, with the *Grecian* State,  
Enflame us to Rescue, but with worse Fate.

Or, here dare these light sportful Yachts arrive,

And of our Isles, *Delos* is sleeping

Let's shun *Ulysses* Guile, the Fate of *Troy*,

To steal our GODS, and then our *Life* destroy :

The breach, if great *Apollo* once departs

May scarce prevent Politick *Sin*'s Art

For tho' repair'd, and fenc'd 'gainst Forreign Sinn,

The *Grecian* Horse may last secure within

Will this Abortive *Exit* leave a doom?

As *Cesar*'s sad recluse had done to *Rome*,

The smooth-tongu'd Hostage to the Oil of *Greece*;

Shall we let *Jason* steal our Golden Fleece,

With fond *Medea* ? rather let's implore

*Neptune*, to ward the *Argonauts* from shore :

Or if arriv'd, the *Lion* rampant Arm,

Left they the watchful Dragon learn to charm.

But why, Great *Sir*, Desert you us so soon?

Abridge our Year, and leave your Task undone?

Doth not the *Sun* through the whole *Zodiack* reign?

Before he Mount on *Aries* Horns again;

Whereas you in the *Archer* but begun,

And scarce through Winter's Scaly Signe have run;

But also *Flora*'s fragrant prime leapt o're,

With *Ceres* verdant Robes, and *Liber*'s store,

While our obscure *Horizon* you decline,

And in the Noon-tide intermits to shine :

O! to *Cimmerian* darkness not expose

Us, like those whom the Frigid *Zone* enclose,

Or in the same Estate with those enroll,

Whose direct *Zenith* is the *Arctic* Pole :

Nay worse, while they enjoy *Phebus* pow'r,

His beams six Months display'd, and we but four.



© let not *Thetis* Bow'r's our *Titan* shade,  
 His flamm'd Chariot with her Mantle spread,  
 Until another *Phœbus* sway the Rains,  
 Which our Lent *Titan* soon by course resigns;  
 So *Pylades* is call'd *Orestes* Brother,  
 Prompt to Die for, and Represent each Other;  
 So it's betwixt fair *Leda's* Twins agreed,  
 When one descends, the other to succeed;  
 So the great Luminaries straight appear,  
 Or hold Empire in either *Hemisphere*.  
 Stand then, Our *Sun*, or let the posting Ships  
 Embark another, else a long Eclipse  
 We suffer, and without a misty Tropics,  
 Grim *Saturn* seems to cast our *Horoscope*,  
 Her Golden Leaves the *Marigold* at Night  
 Wraps up, and griev's her *Sun's* deprived light,  
 But to his early Rayes she doth display  
 Her cheerful Banners; yet both night and day  
 Our Hearts must Frieze, our Eyes be Shut, and Swell  
 With Tears, untill your Glad arise dispell  
 Our Sight's black Cloud, grief's Dew drink up, and drive  
 Love's frost away, each Sense decay'd revive.  
 The *Sun* emits most Force, when most remote,  
 When he aloft the *Cra's* Aspect hath got;  
 Then if our *Sun* Ascend, let's but Intreate  
 For the Reflexions of his absent Heat.

Hath ALBANY set Sail still to remain  
 Abroad, or shortly to come Home again?  
 Yes, to Return, like those, who to desire  
 The City more, to Rural Farms retire,  
 Could he forsake that Kindly Plot of Ground?  
 Which his *Ancestor's* Fame, and Temples Crown'd,  
 Through whole five hundred, three *Olympiad's* Kings,  
 A Century, and Decad strong of Kings;

And which as many *Monarchs* counts, as are  
 Dayes, when four *Moons* have couch'd their watry *Care*,  
 Or *Years*, in full five *Golden Numbers* fixt,  
 Lacking but Five *Kings* to compleat the *Sixt*.  
 But your Abode some *Mystery* Imports,  
 I cannot Circumscribe it Long nor Short :  
 If with the number of your Vertuous *Acts*,  
 Through all thy sweet *Deportment's* Lively tracts,  
 We Scan your *Presence*, and your *Stay* Compute,  
 It might with Aged *Tim's* large *Annals* sute:  
 But if your *Stay* We ballance with the *Joy*,  
 And Balmy pleasures which our Senses *Cloy*,  
 Ah too abrupt ! nay it as brief appears,  
 As these Delights which so transport the *Ears*,  
 Or of a well-run'd *Lyre* the warbling *Note*,  
 Which hath an *Obit* with its Audience got.

As if, when first an hopeful *Youth* the *Stage*  
 Had entred, and shown *Wit* more ripe than *Age*,  
 The *Courtain* fell, the *Scene* became his *Urne*,  
 The plotting *Prologue* to th' *Epilogue* turn ;  
 Sure it would move th' amaz'd *Spectatours* more,  
 Then his aspiring *Spirit* made glad before :  
 Ev'n so, *Most Royal Sir*, you first let's taste  
 Your Lips delicious *Fruit*, unlocks the *Breast*  
 Where we Contemplate *BRITAIN'S* *Paradise*,  
*Elysium's* rare *Abstract* ; then in a trice  
 Excluded from this *Eden*, all *Afloat*  
 We're left, reflecting on the curious plot :  
 What have we done ? Omitted to effect ?  
 Did any *Rules* our *Tasting* e're direct ?  
 Or *Caveats* starve ? No, here the *Serpent* lurks,  
 We could not Feed, unless wee'd swell'd like *Turks*.  
 Our charmed *Eyes*, O had you never cloy'd,  
 Our *Palate* tickled, or we still enjoy'd

That pleasant prospect, this *Soul-raping* Guest,  
 That Royal fare, we had been always Blest.  
 But since you Vaile anon that splendid Face,  
 The *Diapason* of *Majestick* Grace,  
 Whose *Symmetry* had once the *Cynick* seen,  
 It *Tub* and *Sun*, and *Aliment* had been;  
 You ev'n retract our Joy begun, and so  
 Your *Advent* frames the *Epoch* of our woe;  
 Here I could in the *Adamant* infuse  
 A *Melancholick* Fit, the *Flow'r de Luce*  
 Force in a stone to weep, in this *Comprise*  
 All former woe, make *Nature* sympathise  
 With her condoling Quire, but that my Grief  
 Exceeds all these as far, as they belief.

Is *Caledon's Sun* fled? Life of the *nine*,  
 Of Honour, Pleasure, Fame, and Vertu's Shrine;  
 Fly hence Refreshing Pastime, and all Sport,  
 Here let no active Exercise Resort:  
 The Fields as *Paralytick* nod about,  
 Clubs take the Cramp, and Gamesome-Balls the Gout;  
 No more their Lungs the coursing Horses waste,  
 But, by the slowest pace, strive to be last;  
 Let Foot-men to their flight add Breath, and feel  
 A change, to lose the prize, tho' gain the heels,  
 The trained Hounds all Discipline disdain,  
 And at the Quest, or Hollow bark again;  
 No search the Hare disclose, no fear her wake,  
 While she the Plains, and they the Mountains take:  
 And let no Gun with th' eager Sports-man frame,  
 But wrest the *Artist's* Skil, and Master's Aim;  
 Let no Inclosure, Grove, or Walking-plain  
 Invite to Recreate, or *Love* entertain;  
 Let no *Heroick* Vertue here Reside,  
 Nor pompous Honour in proud Triumph ride,

No

No gen'rous Soul, here No good Genius haime,  
 The Valiant *S C O T S* of their *Achilles* Vaunt,  
 Nor *Mars* Disciples speak, but Silence deep  
 Like *Punies* of the *Samian* Wife-man keep;  
 Affected Smiles no more *Comedian* Ape,  
 Or wanton Looks invest; before'd to shape  
 Their Mimick gesture, not to Passions shewn  
 In other Minds, but squared to their own,  
 Let *Tragick* ends, and *Interludes* beguile  
 The *Comick-muse*; in a *Drammatick*-style;  
 No *Beauteous Madam* more, or *Courtly Wench*  
 Let moderate a *Jig*, or *Galliard-French*,  
 But *Chorus*-like, to Vary with the Time  
 And tune her feet proportion'd to a *Chime*:  
 Let neither *Court* nor *Courtier* stay behind,  
 Since swelling Waters, with the jutting *Ward*  
 Contending for Supremacy, through pride,  
 Give the Advantage both of *Wind* and *Tide*;  
 Let both unite to heave them to the *Port*  
 Now most desir'd, where they *Saint James* his *Court*  
 Preparing with all *Vines*, and various *Cates*,  
 All solemn *Pomp*, and Ornament of *States*,  
 With *Purple*, *Porphery*, and *Turkie-work*,  
 May welcome, and receive, the *Duke of York*,  
 Whose mild Aspect, and Influence on *CHARLES*,  
 May introduce the *Barons*, *Lords*, and *Earls*  
 Of th' *Ancient Kingdom*, joint to represent  
 Their equal-pressing *Grievance*, and *Dissent*  
 Of *ALBANYE*'s dire *Exodus*, their *Eye*,  
 Whose sad *Privation* nothing can expell;  
 But *Talion* Justice; or to reinstall  
 The *Head-Stone*, snatch'd away from *ALBION*'s wall.  
*Jove*'s Sacred Brood go more a drop distill  
 Of fluent *Nectar*, in a *Poet's Quill*,

Through



Through the *Castilian* Chrystal Limbeck Strain'd,  
 From *Helicon's* adjacent Fountain drain'd,  
 Whereby in *Lyrick*, or in *Epick* Verse,  
 He may a *Hero's* Praise, or *Acts* rehearse,  
 But *Elegies* compile, since *Sir*, to you  
 Poets all kinds of *Panegyrick* Ow,  
 And when done all that Art, or thought can Ventr,  
 But patcheth Chinks of the old Argument.

Lo what Distress I grasp with in extream?  
 Lost both my sole *Mæcenæ*s, and sole Theam,  
 Nay to enlarge my Grief, compleat my loss,  
 I cannot by Retail Trade, nor in Gross:  
 I henceforth bid to thee, fond *Musè*, adieu,  
 To all the Whinning and the Bankrout Crue;  
 No more thy rambling *Phantasies* suggest,  
 As pass'd a feign'd *Enthusiastick* test:  
 I'll no more chew the cud, and beat my brains,  
 In hot pursuits not empty all my Veins,  
 For lo the trump that hug'd thee from the Womb,  
 The same repon'd, shal drag thee to thy Tomb.  
 Thou mad'st me twice the Feet of ROYAL JAMES  
 Salute, as Rivers usher'd in by *Thames*  
 To *London's* Streets, and Wellcome did'st afford,  
 Without exchange of a superfluous word:  
 And wilt thou Train me in, Commence my fee?  
 To consummate my *Climacterick* three,  
 Which sure proves Dismal, since I'm forc'd to spell,  
 And openly pronounce to Both, *Farewell*;  
~~Thou~~ *Musè* the Patrone of my Crime,  
 Thrice to accost a *Prince* with scantling Rhime,  
 Twice to present *Tongue's* Noble *Architect*,  
 The Gleanings of his own rich *Dialect*.  
 Thou might'st have rather stilled doting Love,  
 Then the entrusted Talent not Improve.



But Faith I'm loath that Bratt to disinherit,  
 Which Homage payes by Zeal, and not by Merit,  
 And prompt his Clemency to interpose  
 'Twixt Peers' Wrath, and her insipid Dose:  
 Come truck along, and rather chuse one Doom,  
 To Hope abroad, than still Despair at home;  
 Come let's attend the Ocean's Crowned Gloré,  
 And waft him safe unto the English Shore.

21 JA 50

F I N I S.

ALBION'S

ALBION'S Farewel:

OR,

P O E M,

Presented to his Royal Highness returning to

C O U R T.

---

*By the same Hand.*

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*ALBANUM en oculis abeuntem prosequor ndis,  
Et dixit tenui murmure Lingua, VALE. Ovid.*

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Edinburgh, Printed by the Heir of *Andrew Anderson*, Printer  
to His most Sacred MAJESTY. 1680.

ALBION'S FERRY

P O E M

Printed at the Press of the Albion Ferry

COURT



( 13 )

T O

His Royall Highness.

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## ALBION'S Farevvell.

1.  
Since Fates our pleasures thus disjoyn,  
Out of one Mass two Bodies coine,

get with one breath inspir'd,  
We will the rigid Section find,  
Or can one half survive behind,

when stronger both retir'd,  
But we must now our half resign,  
So Honour bids, and we incline;  
The shrubs yeeld to the lofty pine.

2.  
Should we your Sympathy augment  
By grudge? and be as impudent

as him who chides his Friend,  
By some Emergent call'd away,  
And forced to abridge his Stay,  
as if Guests were confin'd,

So Honour calls you to set Sail,  
Your Tide, our Good, let's not bewail!  
But heartily impart all hail.

3.  
Then Farewell MONARCH of one Heart,  
Whereof all SCOTLAND claims a part,  
except some clownish Boors,

( 14 )  
Whose savage Breasts no Law can tame,  
Or Stars have influence to inflame,

Who scell no Higher Pow'rs,  
Farewell our Hope's barrow'd Dove,  
Darling of Thoughts, Load-stone of Love,  
Like Aristotle's *Quadrato* prove.

4.  
To th' middle Region of the Air,  
May all the blustering Winds repair,

But as much gentle Gale;  
Let Eolus send from his Cave,  
As him to port in Waine may beave,

Or chariot under sail.  
To tread the Sea when you're descri'd,  
The gods their Fish-tail'd Steeds bestride,  
And summon all their Host to ride:

5.  
In Honour gladly to attend,  
From Fear release, from Harm defend,  
your welcome Laureat-Train.

Let Neptune all Sea-passions curb,  
Which may obstruct, or dare disturb  
The Caesar of the main;

Or which may move in any sort  
The second Column of the Court,  
And render it to need support

6.  
O! let's not this Occasion slip,  
Of reering up our selves the Ship,

wherein, Great Sir, secure  
You may all Storms out-ride, and cast  
Safe Anchor on our Breasts; the Mast

shall Valour's proof endure,



( 13 )  
Experience shall the Rudder steer,  
Sound Resolution Top-sail bear,  
Our Loyalty the Flag appear :

7.  
The full-spread Sails, enlarged Hope,  
Our hearty Wishes Telescope,

The Badge our Lyon shew ;  
The Soul's Cinque-port shall Compass be,  
And to the Needle ( Love ) agree,

As always fixt on you.

Farewell Elected Admiral  
Of CALEDON's high Brazen wall,  
Which will all Hostile force appall :

8.  
Nor Competition dare invest  
Her outward dress, and tho' possess'd  
with hidden flames, yet must

In her own asbes straight consume,  
Or otherwise produce but smoke

the Honour to adjust.

Farewell the most advent'rou Prere,  
That e're cut Sea, or Jason bore,  
Your fraught without exchange restore.

9.  
Unless supream great Cæsar please,  
To prove thy Conduct in the Seas,  
to whose Empire most pure

Strick sail, and all Obedience shew,  
Crave humbly home to steer, and view

his Primogeniture.

Farewell the most renowned Pair,  
That e're tread Land, or Main did square,  
This yeelds to You, that vails to Her.

11.  
To SCOTLAND penetrate the shore  
By passage, and Heart-farriage,

12.  
That be their voyage a first leap  
Made from time to time, and good sleep

13.  
Then other Hopes, with the Bay  
Receive, and solemnize the day

14.  
Of his long wish'd return; while we  
Long for the same, and so may He,

15.  
This loving Clinic, and tender Nurse,  
His presence hath removed the curse

16.  
The very thought doth sweetly swell  
Our Love, and Gladness, farewell?

17.  
But of the same, why do I add? FAREWELL

21. 12. 50

18.  
The wish to You that wish to be